

# *Avenge the Maine*

*And Other Poems*



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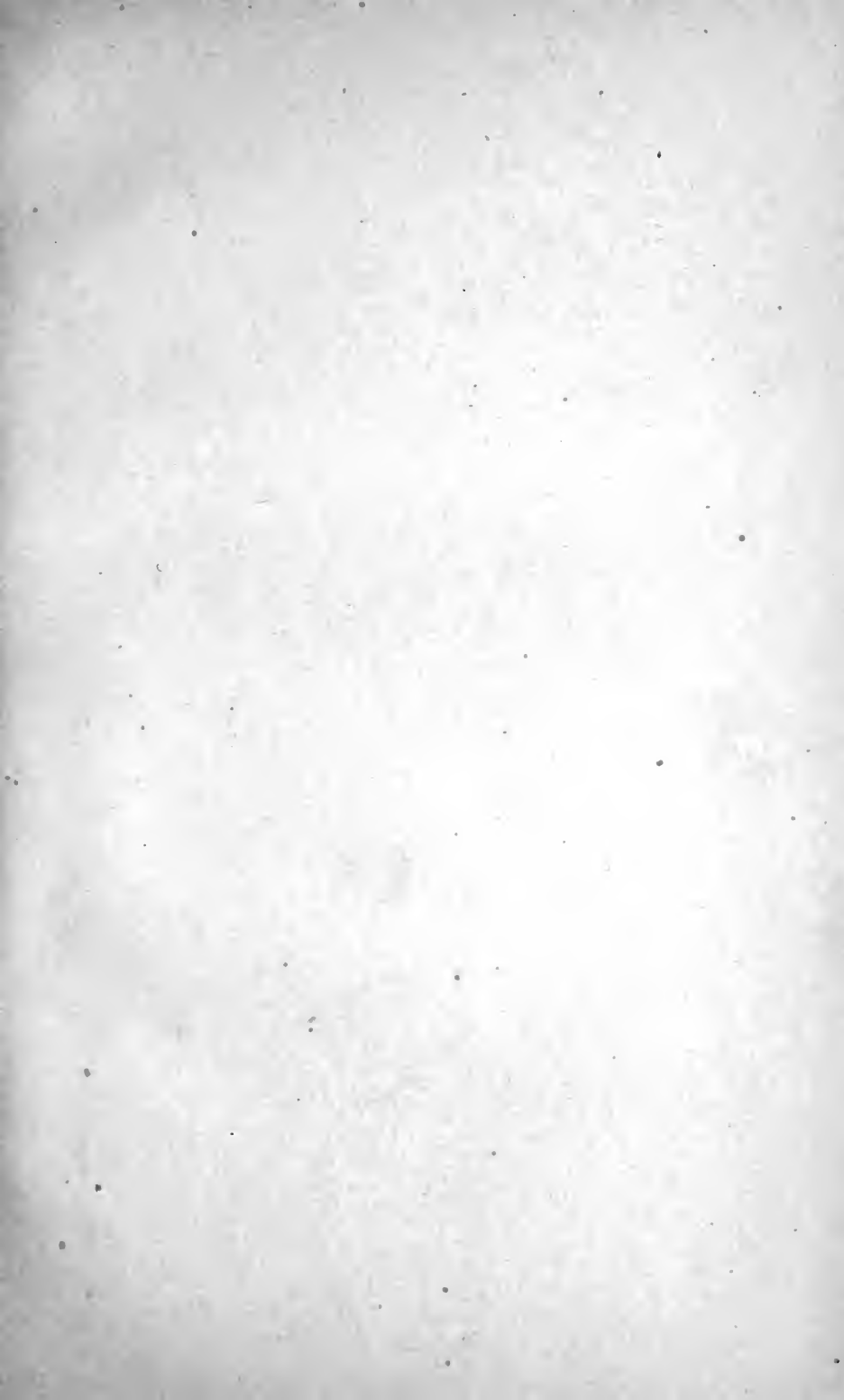
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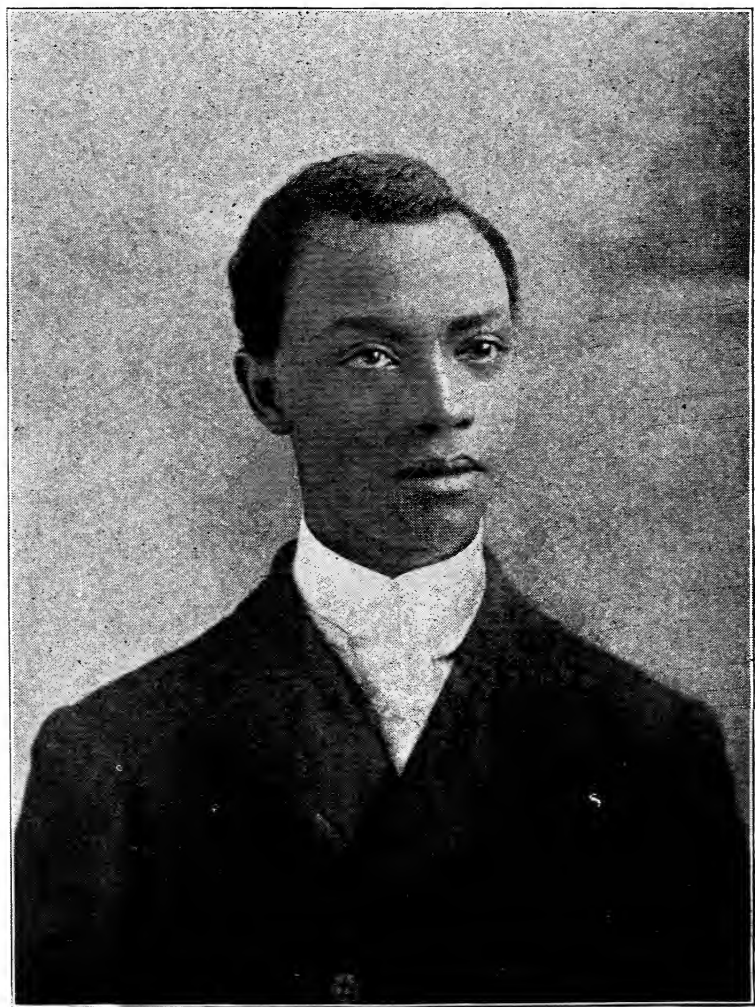












JAMES EPHRAIM MCGIRT.



AVENGING THE MAINE,  
A DRUNKEN A.B.,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

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BY  
JAMES EPHRAIM MCGIRT.

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"(A. & P.)"

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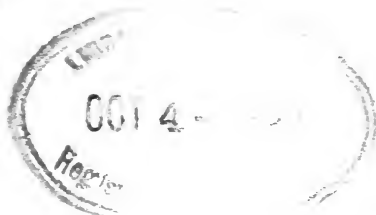
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## PREFACE.

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I do not deem it necessary to write a preface to these few poems, but, somehow, I have a tender feeling for this little book that is about to be sent out into the world, to bear such an humble burden as my feeble thought. I do not know, but I believe that if this book could speak it would sternly refuse to go on such an humble mission ; but, since I have imposed upon it this duty, knowing the many censuring critics it may have to encounter, I believe it my duty to say a word, for the very book's sake, that may cause the censuring tongue of man to wag less swiftly

First, I must say that these poems were written under very unfavorable circumstances. Dignity may not allow me to explain, but I will say that they were composed during my leisure time, which has been limited. I say *leisure* time—no, I have none ; I should have said *sacrificed* time, time when the body was almost exhausted from manual labor, when recreation was greatly needed ; and you who know what a struggle the mind has battling with an exhausted body in trying to perform such a task as this can easily allow for this feeble result. The mind can not work when the body is exhausted, and I assure you that I would not have written one line had Nature not forced me to do so. Often at my work-bench, when I thought greater speed was needed to finish my daily task,

these poems—or whatever you may call them—would flash into my mind and I would be restless to sketch them upon paper that I might retain them until my day's work was done. Sometimes I could find it convenient to do so, sometimes I could not, and when I would fail to sketch them, at night the muse would not return. Thus you can understand why I have not written more.

I must also state that I am conscious of the fact that this work does not come up to the standard work of the mighty masters of poetry, but you need not censure me—it is not my fault. The muse has not yet taught me to sing as they. Had she given me the same power, do you not think I would have written?

Moreover, I am just beginning, and perhaps she does not care to intrust me with the whole art at once; she may have thought it best to give me one talent first that she might see how I would use it, and I assure you that I think I should have done better. Often I have thought of laying these few poems aside and not giving any to the public until I became able to write as good poems as other poets. I publish them because I do not wish the muse to find me with my one talent buried when she comes to make up her jewels and reward her servants. She might serve me as his lord did the other one-talented servant we read of in the Bible.

JAMES EPHRAIM MCGIRT.

*Greensboro, N. C.,*

*August 17, 1899*

## EXPLAINING DIALECT POEMS.

---

You may wonder why the dialect words in my humorous poems are so few compared with those in other dialect poems, but if you will notice such characters as I have portrayed you will find, as I have, that the most illiterate persons, living now among so many who are cultured, do not speak the whole dialect but speak correctly one half of their words. So I have written just as the masses impressed me.



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## AVENGING THE MAINE.

---

Sing, O Muse! the avenging of the Maine,  
The direful woes, the fate of Spain.

A heinous deed to our ship they wrought,  
Untimely death to our crew they brought.

Our soldiers' valor forever tell,  
Who for revenge both fought and fell;

Volcanic boats over the water went,  
The burning revenge from them was sent.

Shafter's army, pray tell me all  
Who died bravely rallying to the call?

What of the Negroes in the band,  
Did they scatter or did they stand?

To this question I'll answer brief,  
They fought like demons, without a chief.

I'll ever sing of the memorable day  
When Negro valor was brought into play;  
In the hottest battle their captain died,

They did not scatter, "Onward they cried."  
Their eyes on victory intensely fixed,  
Negro and white blood that day flowed mixed.  
These were the first to embark on land,  
There were no cowards in this band;

When the story you shall hear  
 They to you will ever seem dear.  
 Hold of her harp the muse then takes,  
 A minor chord on it she makes;  
 All sit quietly curious to hear,  
 But from her eye there falls a tear;  
 Her voice was choked, her bosom with sorrow did  
     swell,

As from the strings her fingers fell.  
 Over her face there came a frown,  
 She took a seat upon the ground,  
 Then to her side they quickly went;  
 From her breast a groan she sent.  
 Within our arms we held head  
 And to the muse we softly said:  
 "Tell us, O Muse! what gives thee grief,

And if we can, we'll give relief?  
 From her breast again she sighed,  
 With throbbing voice to us replied,  
 "The story which you urge to hear  
 None can tell without a tear,  
 Grief to you this tale will bring  
 If I in poetry play and sing.  
 I can not sing the grievous woes  
 I'll tell the story to you in prose;  
 Now you all must listen with care

If the story you would hear;  
From the beginning I'll now relate  
That coming ages may know the fate.  
In the land of Cuba there's a nation brave,  
The cruel Spaniards held as their slave.  
One night their leaders in conference met  
To see if their freedom they could get.  
They had the yoke of slavery, bore  
Till their shoulders had galded sore.

Maceo, the first to take the stand,  
He was the leader of the band;  
Unto them all he did declare  
He could no longer slavery bear.  
A bill to Spain he sent to see  
If they would set the Cubans free;  
And when the bill to Spain was sent  
Becoming enraged the bill they rent.  
To the soldiers she was heard to tell—  
“Go! Murder the Cubans, if they rebel.”  
Unto them all she gave command  
To bring the leaders of the band.  
The Cuban leaders they could not get,  
There was a skirmish when they met;  
When they had driven the leaders away,  
The women and children they would slay;

They murdered th' babes that knew no harm—  
They stabbed them in their mothers' arms.  
While killing all by sword they could,

From others they withheld the food,  
To utterly starve a Cuban race.  
To us it seemed a sad disgrace;  
The freedom of Cuba then was our plea.  
We called upon our General Lee,  
Our beloved general to Cuba we sent  
To see what the cruel Spaniards meant.  
Over we sent our best ship "Maine."  
Spain to us had done the same;  
Both were sent in truce's name.  
Our ship in Havana's harbor stood;  
But Spain was eager for our blood.  
And in the secret of the night  
On us explodes a dynamite;  
And while her crew were fast asleep,  
Some were hurled to the mighty deep.  
The ship went down beneath the wave  
Before we could our sailors save.  
I can not picture the fearful sight,

Nor bear to think of the dreadful night,  
When they performed the cruel deed;  
Unless my heart is made to bleed.

Now the story you may abhor ;  
I've told the causes of the war.  
The news was sent by the swiftest speed,  
Announcing the Spaniard's cruel deed.  
Sorrow and anger to us it brought,  
To hear of the deed the Spaniards wrought.  
Over the world a clamor rose,  
And all the world that clamor knows ;  
Some were counting up the cost,  
Others wailing over the lost.  
Revenge! Revenge! our voices rang ;  
On to war was the song we sang.  
To the White House we quickly went  
To ask war of our President.  
In the Senate, war was the cry,  
Our President did not comply ;  
To all of us he would rise and say :  
"To go to war is more than play."  
The bill for war he would declare,  
He could not sign till he prepare.  
Soon his plans had been well made,  
The cry for war he at once obeyed.  
A number of men he first did ask.  
To get them did not seem a task,  
And every time a call was made,  
Our loyal sons at once obeyed.  
Of the brave heroes I now will tell,

Who for vengeance fought and fell:  
 Dewey and Sampson first I'll sing,  
 On my harp their names shall ring.  
 They first for vengeance made their way;  
 The woe of Spain began that day;  
 It seemed as He, the God Supreme,—  
 Down from His throne viewed all the scenes;—  
 The deed of Spain He did abhor,

And lent us aid throughout the war.  
 With every fleet a guard was sent  
 To keep us safe where'r we went;  
 Around the mines to show us a path,  
 And manage the guns that hurled our wrath.  
 The aid to us was beyond cost;  
 Not a boat of ours was lost.  
 Hobson's valor must not be untold;  
 'Twas brave as any of the fold.  
 The deed that made for him a name,  
 And I a muse must sing his fame;  
 To block th' Spaniard's escaping way,  
 He sank th' Merrimac into th' bay.  
 The deed performed, his crew to save;  
 Their names I've placed among the brave.  
 The deed showed Sampson a safe way  
 To reach the port, Santiago Bay  
 He reached; the woe had begun,  
 That would not cease 'till the victory was won.

THE MEMORY OF MACEO.

---

Ye men of Cuba, to you I call,  
Mourn for your leader, place crape on the wall;  
Tell the young children that play at your feet  
Of the wonderful General that has fallen to sleep.

Sleep! yes in the graveyard he lies;  
But his spirit's sweetly resting, beyond the skies.

We think of his work, we say he was grand;  
Why not let for him a monument stand;  
One that will reach to the ethereal blue,  
Bearing the name Maceo, will do.

Dear Maceo, our hearts pine for thee!  
For whom thou died, can say we are free.

SIEGE OF MANILA.

---

Just a few miles from Manila Bay  
Near the close of a summer day,  
When the sun was flooding with gold the west,  
Our fleet was ordered to stop and rest.  
After the regular meal was served,  
Each returned to the usual place;  
All stood gazing with mute and awe  
Into the fiery dome of space.  
Watching the stars steady blaze  
As they down upon us gaze.

I will never forget the night  
All the stars were shining bright,  
A full orb'd moon hung in the west  
Watching to see the great contest:  
The wind was of a steady gale,  
It was a pleasant night to sail;  
The ocean waves were rolling along  
Pealing forth their mournful song.

Soon from the ocean a mist arose  
As Nature's starry book close.  
After another night had passed  
And the morn was coming fast.



But before the gleam of day  
 We sailed to take Manila Bay ;  
 Soon Manila revealed in sight,  
 From the window gleamed a light ;  
 When we saw the deadly guns—  
 O'er our fleet a stillness comes—  
 Each stood waiting by his gun,  
 Perfect stillness, not a breath.  
 An instant may bring sudden death.  
 Like a hero they did stand,  
 Waiting to hear the "fire" command ;  
 The mist that from the ocean rose  
 Hid us from our Spanish foes.  
 When the enemy did not blast  
 Through our fleet a whisper passed.

Fortune it seems is on our side,  
 We have entered and are not spied ;  
 By the fort we began to start,  
 But a distance we sailed apart.  
 One by one by the guns we stole  
 As a wolf in a shepherd's fold ;  
 All our fleet had safely passed,  
 Except McCulloch which was the last.  
 Fortune would not it pass ;  
 In its furnace occurred a wreck  
 And sparks went flying from its stack.

The sparks that from the stack did fly  
 Met at once the fortman's eye ;  
 Through glasses they began to peep,  
 To their surprise they spied our fleet.  
 A cry of terror! The signal rung,  
 Shells came blazing from their guns  
 Before an instant could have passed  
 Around us shells were falling fast ;  
 The mines in vain they did explore,  
 But we were safe around her shore.

Our captain gave command to fire  
 Which seemed to be our soul's desire ;  
 Before the word he could hardly speak,  
 Shells went blazing from all our fleet ;  
 We were burning with hatred ire,  
 We filled the air with shells and fire.

While the battle was raging high  
 And glowing shells were seen to fly,  
 Dewey back through memory gazed—  
 Saw the Maine, became enraged ;  
 With his dazzling sword in hand  
 Whirling it high, he gave command.  
 Fury came blazing from his eye  
 With thundering voice was heard the cry :  
 "Remember the Maine, Speed! Haste!  
 Careful boys, no shells to waste."

They remembered, their blood did run ;  
They hurled revenge through every gun.  
Our boats like burning Vesuvius seemed,  
From our guns shells poured in streams.  
Directed by an immortal eye  
Not a strayward shell did fly ;  
Each of the shells from the gun that went  
Performed the mission on which it was sent,  
Our captain takes his glass in hand  
And over the battle begins to scan :  
“Stop the guns,” he quickly cries,  
“Fortune now is on our side,  
Spain’s whole fleet is in a blaze,  
Sinking fast beneath the waves.”  
When this command to us was given,  
Three haughty cheers went up to heaven ;  
When the sun sent up her beam,  
Not a Spanish boat was seen ;  
But the whole Manila fleet  
Were buried in the mighty deep.

SIEGE OF SANTIAGO.

---

Here Spain's dreaded host did stand,  
The strongest fort in all the land ;  
When we entered into the bay  
The eyes of the world were turned that way,  
Watching breathless, eager to see  
What the issue of the fight would be.  
Morro Castle was standing bold,  
As it did in days of old.  
Its deadly guns seemed to say,  
"I'll hold the entrance of the way."  
A pleasant morning, a Sabbath day.

We were resting within the bay,  
Soon our day of peace did change,  
It proved a day for our revenge.  
Sampson's heart did eager yearn  
Cevera's secret plans to learn ;  
Schley, he sent to the upper shore  
If the plans he might explore.  
This somehow seems divine,  
He sailed just at the proper time ;  
On their way to their surprise,  
Two coming vessels met their eyes.

Through glasses we began to peep,  
 Behold ! It was Cevera's fleet,  
 Rushing toward us in swiftest speed ;  
 Two fierce boats were in the lead :  
 " Cevera's escaping !" Schley cried.  
 He rang the signal far and wide ;  
 But before the story he could tell  
 The air was filled with fire and shell,  
 Shells that were not sent in vain ;  
 It proved a direful fate to Spain.  
 Their ships in flames of fire were blazed—

Till we on them in pity gazed,  
 And sent a boat in chivalry's name  
 To save them from the burning flame.  
 Their direful fate's too great to tell,  
 To them it proved a fiery hell.  
 Schley gazing out from left to right,  
 To him it seemed a dreadful sight ;  
 Ships were blazing on every side,  
 " We have revenge," he quickly cried.  
 Many Spaniards on that day  
 Were burned and buried in the bay.

## THE STARS AND STRIPES SHALL NEVER TRAIL THE DUST.

---

'Tis a colored captain's story  
That was told to Uncle Sam,  
He was mustered out because the war was o'er;  
He had borne his honor bravely  
And the victory he had won,  
He came to deliver up the flag he bore.

He was standing at the White House  
With the Stars and Stripes in hand,  
His sword and uniform with gore were red;  
A bullet had pierced his body,  
Yet it had not caused his death,  
As he gave to him the flag he slowly said:

“Uncle Sam, here is Old Glory,  
That you trusted to my care,  
Through the hottest I have ever held my trust;  
Though the bullets have rent my body,  
Yet to you I can truly say,  
‘That the Stars and Stripes have never trailed the  
dust.’”

## CHORUS.

No, the Stars and Stripes shall never trail the dust  
while I live,  
But shall ever wave untarnished over the free;  
Yes, the shells may rend my body,  
And may death come if it must,  
But the Stars and Stripes shall never trail the dust.

Uncle Sam then took the flag  
And gazed into the Hero's face;  
He said, "My son, you're black, but still you're a  
man;"

On his breast he placed a medal,  
And he said remember me;  
To forget you; no, my boy, I never can!

Son, your Uncle knows no color,  
Neither any party line;  
The call I made was simply for the brave.  
And you loving soldiers heard me  
And rallied to the call,  
And my country from destruction you have saved.

I saw you darkies bear the flag  
Through shells up San Juan Hill,  
I saw the Spaniards from your valor flee;

And the Stars and Stripes were waving  
O'er Morro Castle bold ;  
They are waving now in Cuba o'er the free.

## CHORUS.

No, the Stars and Stripes shall never trail the dust,  
while I live ;  
But shall ever wave untarnished o'er the free ;  
Yes, the shells may rend my body  
And may death come if it must ;  
But the Stars and Stripes shall never trail the dust.



SLAVERY.

---

Oh slavery ! why wast thou so cruel,  
So cursed and so black ;  
To leave your cruel footprints  
Upon our Father's back.

Why did you not beat him,  
And say to him, depart ?  
Why wast thou so cruel  
As to crush his manly heart ?

Even now his hair has faded  
And blossomed for the grave ;  
Yet I can see within him,  
Traits learned while a slave.

Why didn't you enslave the women,  
And let their virtue live ?  
Slavery ! thou wast so cruel,  
How can the women forgive ?

Women as pure as dewdrops,  
As a baby at its birth ;  
But slavery's ravishing passion  
Crushed their virtue to the earth.

Mother didn't finish the story ;  
Her sons began to pine.  
She pressed them to her bosom ;  
God said, " Vengeance is mine."

I did not begin this story  
To enrage your little heart ;  
I thought the cruelties of slavery  
To you I would impart.

And if you would take vengeance  
The debt life couldn't pay,  
God will judge them rightly  
On resurrection day.

WAVE ON THOU FLAG.  

---

Wave on, wave on the air,  
O, flag that we have bought!  
Stars and stripes for unity ·  
Tells for what we fought.

Fade thou not by rain,  
May whirlwinds passing by,  
Not dash thee into tatters;  
But leave thee in the sky.

Stand firmly thou mast pole,  
On which the flag doth wave;  
Many who performed that duty  
Are lying in the grave.

Farewell thou flag, wave on,  
Perform thy duty well;  
Wave gently o'er the burial place  
Of those who fought and fell.

SEEKING HER BOY.

---

On a battle field, when the smoke had cleared away,  
I saw a woman strolling among the dead ;  
'Twas a mother whose hair had faded gray,  
Now and then she'd stoop and raise a soldier's  
head.

She was seeking for her boy, her only pride,  
Who as a soldier had been taken from his home ;  
She'd heard that he had fallen in the fray  
And had come to bear his body to the tomb.

She reached the place where raged the thickest fray,  
The dead were lying thick upon the ground ;  
It was there I saw the mother kneel to pray  
For her loving boy had not yet been found.

From the ground with trembling form she rose,  
The tears were falling freely from her eyes ;  
With folded arms toward sweet heaven she gazed :  
"Oh, where's my boy !" with throbbing voice she  
cries.

Soon she saw a form lying in the gore ;  
She knew it was the body of her own.  
Like a streak of lightning to the form she tore,  
Around his neck her arms were quickly thrown.

She raised his head, his blood-stained lips to kiss,  
In his forehead she saw the bullet's gaping wound ;  
Too weak, she could not gaze on this ;  
She gives a cry, sinks helpless to the ground.

I watch at length to see the mother rise,  
She did not seem to raise her hoary head ;  
Nearing, I found the mother by his side,  
Still clinging to his neck, though she was dead.

## MEMORY OF LINCOLN AND THE YANKEES.

---

Among the dear old friends we darkies cherish  
Within the highest portals of our hearts,  
The name that sounds as dear as dear old mother's  
Is the Yankees' name, and from us it will never  
part.

When first I heard of Lincoln and the Yankee  
My heart sprang to the zenith of its joy;  
In this heart of mine it quickly nestled,  
My love for it no force can quite destroy.

Lord, while these rolling waves of time and pleasure  
Dash against their sacred nestling place,  
With Thy powerful hand stay it and guide us,  
Let nothing from our heart these names erase.

Great! great! is the debt we darkies owe them,  
A debt no hand but Thine can ever pay;  
Lord bless and from all danger guide them,  
Let nothing from our hearts these names erase.

O! ye men that fought and are still living,  
In whose veins the Yankee blood holds sway;  
In our hearts for thee there lives a kindness  
That will not be erased till judgment day.

Ye mortals who lie in graves and trenches,  
Who fell to free this helpless negro race;  
No mortal's name like thine do we reverence,  
Within our hearts thou hast a sacred place.

I do not wish to call your souls from heaven,  
But could I call your bodies from the ground;  
On earth thou might live in peace for ages  
With sweetest oil I'd daily balm your wounds.

To you O, ye dear and happy mothers!  
Thou whom the Northern race hast freed;  
Grasp your loving infant from the cradle,  
Tell them of the Yankees blessed deed.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

---

I will not attempt the task  
Of the Iliad to relate ;  
But I will tell of Hector  
And how he met his fate.

The Trojan war was over  
And with glowing chariot wheels,  
The Greeks were driving madly  
The Trojans from the field.

The Trojans fled for safety  
To a city they had planned ;  
And they heard the voice of Priam  
Who upon the wall did stand.

Crying, " Wanderer throw wide the gate  
Unless this day the fleeing Trojans  
Will meet their certain fate."

The wanderer sprang to the gate  
And opened it at Priam's command,  
And all of them entered with safety ;  
But Hector on the outside did stand.



He stood in mad confusion  
With fury in his eye;  
Saying, "This day I shall meet Achilles,  
Though I be doomed to die."

But his aged father saw him,  
Who was standing on the walls;  
With withered hands he beats his breast,  
With feeble lips he calls.

Hector, Oh Hector, my boy, please enter,  
Save us from grievous woes."  
But angry Hector would not hearken  
Then the gate was closed.

He viewed the army coming  
Like a whirlwind mixed with leaves,  
And great Achilles secretly leads  
Drawn by white foaming steeds.

Their chariot wheels glowing with fire.  
Look! Hector meets their eyes  
And they all rushed towards him  
As racers towards a prize.

But Achilles' horses being swiftest  
The race he seems to gain,  
And hand to hand in battle  
Hector in the dust was slain.

And after they had killed him—  
The most brutal scene of all,  
Achilles fastened him to his chariot,  
Dragging thrice around the wall.

A DRUNKEN A.B.

---

One cold wet winter evening,  
I was making for my home,

I passed a drunkard lying in the mire ;  
The sleet was falling fast  
And my heart for him was moved ;

I thought it best to aid him to the fire.

Then from the ground I raised him,  
Bore him struggling to my home,

Which was a little distance from the place ;  
And when my home I entered  
And the light had shone around,

I was attracted by the beauty of his face.

A fair young man just in his prime  
Who wore a classic brow ;

The rays of light were gleaming from his eyes,  
On his vest there was a medal  
With the signature to show

That in college he had won it as a prize.

Soon he was sleeping soundly  
In a chair before the fire,

Then from his breast the medal I took and read.  
I saw he was an A.B.

And the poet of his class,

An honest valedictorian the medal said.

T'was then my soul was lightened  
As I gazed into his face,

I knew it was a genius I had found;  
I thought who threw the arrow  
That had pierced his manly heart.

And brought the noble victim to the ground.

Well, at first I deemed it rum  
That had brought him to this state,

And then I thought what caused him first to drink;  
Then he was sleeping soundly  
And myself I did not know

Through the night the cause I could only think.

But next morning soon I rose  
And his breakfast was prepared,

To have him dine with us I thought a treat;  
To him we were a stranger  
And at first he did refuse;

But at last we prevailed with him to eat.

Around our family table,  
He was seated at the head,

And while he ate, our hearts did eager yearn;  
We knew he was a genius  
That had fallen to this state,

And much—the cause—we all desired to learn.

I told him where I found him

And his face began to change ;

I asked him what had brought him to this state ;

While the tears were falling fast,

“It was Mary,” he replied ;

This story then to me he did relate :

“After I finished college,

I was doing fairly well ;

In Chicago I was cashier of a bank ;

But one day there came a letter

From the girl that had my heart,

It was an arrow ? Oh, it pierced me and I sank !

T’was from my youth, yea childhood,

That this girl had won my heart,

Before our God she promised to be mine ;

But when the time for invitations

To our comrades should be sent ;

In this letter the vow she did decline.

I’ll never forget the day,

Yea, time can never erase

The hour when the letter I did receive ;

At first I was dumbfounded

And it seemed my heart would break ;

But somehow the message I could not believe.

I was standing at my window  
When the letter came to hand;  
I knew the man to whom I was dealing change;  
I tried to bear it bravely,  
But then all could plainly see  
That with me there was something going strange.

The boy that brought the letter  
Stood gazing into my face;  
I bade him go, the answer not to wait;  
I read the letter over,  
Mused a moment to myself;  
Tonight I'll call and make the matter straight.

Each moment seemed an hour,  
I thought night would never come;  
My assistant then I called to take my place;  
Then from the bank I darted  
And I hastened to her home;  
I wanted just to gaze into her face.

She was standing by the window  
And she saw me as I came;  
She felt her guilt and to a closet fled;  
At the door her servant met me,  
Being instructed what to say,  
"There's no one here but me," he quickly said.

Well I knew it was false,  
But I knew not what to do ;  
    Had I the means, death might have been my fate.  
But at last I departed,  
Though I knew well she was there ;  
    I had seen her when I entered through the gate.

Back to my home I struggled,  
There I sat in deepest grief  
    Trying in vain to pass the time away ;  
Of course it was then evening  
And I'd go again at night,  
    A moment then to me did seem a day.

Sometimes it would seem too hard,  
But some way the grief I bore ;  
    I called again before the sun went down.  
But to be deceived again ;  
She had taken the early train,  
    With my heart she'd departed from the town.

At the door her mother met me  
    And the story she did tell ;  
It was then the arrow stung me  
    And you found me where I fell.

Then I did not cease to love her,  
But with her desired to go ;  
For the way I prayed her mother ;  
But she vowed she did not know.

All that night around her mother  
I wept and tried her heart to win ;  
On my knees I knelt and prayed her  
That for her daughter she might send.

True my mother did weep with me,  
From her the way I could not plead ;  
I decided then to seek her,  
Anywhere my mind should lead.

I left her house next morning  
And to the bank I went again ;  
But my heart was filled with sadness,  
It seemed that all my hope was vain.

That day I gave up my position  
Until the next ensuing year,  
For my heart was stolen from me  
And I have sought it far and near.

Then I told my friend the story  
And he too, wept when he did hear ;  
Then he gave to me some brandy,  
He said my grief he would help to bear.



Since that day I've sadly wondered,  
If my lover I could find ;  
Since that day the thirsting spirit  
To the brandy seems to bind.

Eight months today I've not returned,  
Neither has she, this letter said ;  
And since that day I've been wondering  
If the girl I loved is dead.

ENVY.

---

In a flower garden beautiful and tall,  
Stood a bloomed lily above them all ;  
The lily was slender made,  
Yet a humming bird stooped for shade.  
Evening came, it had its rest,  
Saying, "In this blossom I'll build my nest ;  
In this blossom my love will lie,  
And I will dwell here till I die."  
Another bird saw him content ;  
Asked to build, she gave consent.  
So on one blossom build them all ;  
Blown by a zephyr it breaks and falls.  
The mother bird returned and found  
Her nest and blossom on the ground.  
To the heart of a maiden tender and sweet,  
The heart of a lover went forth to meet ;  
To another lover the maid seemed sweet,  
By the maids consent he leaps to meet ;  
To one sweetheart clings them all,  
They were too many and had to fall.  
The loving maid turned around  
And found the lovers upon the ground.

A LECTURE.

---

I was gointer make a speech ;  
But yer all began to frown ;  
Dats what I say about yer darkies  
Yer tri to hold each uder down.

I am glad you aint de master,  
De one dat sot beyond der skies,  
Ef I wasn't ouah boy or gal  
I am sure that I could never rise

Tom's scard Dick will get er ofis ;  
Dick's scard Henry ul git er prize.  
Dats why we don't rise any faster,  
We've got ourselves to organize.

THE GIRL AND THE BIRDS.

---

A little girl with tender hands  
Went with the birds to play ;  
The little birds with golden wings  
Then swiftly flew away.

Pray leave me not, oh little birds!  
Do stay with me I pray ;  
I did not mean to do you harm  
With you I came to play.

The little bird sailed on the air,  
Would not her calling heed,  
But gave a flutter of their wings  
So to increase their speed.

The earth in wheeling on her course,  
Giving a mighty hum,  
Said, "Do not cry my little one  
They to the ground must come."

For to my sceptre all must bow,  
The wicked and the good ;  
I have the key to the great store  
From which they get their food.

SUMMER IS GONE.

---

Sweet summer is gone,  
I stand in ice and sleet;  
Where is thy storehouse,  
Tell me that I may seek.

I turn to the woods,  
That was once an arbor green;  
Nothing now but (bare) trees  
And the brown leaves are seen.

The grass on which I lay  
In the warm summer glow,  
I look, and lo! 'tis now  
A sheet of ice and snow.

THE END OF DAY.

---

When day's dusty journey 's run,  
Laborers fill the homeward path;  
The world worn out by toil and sun,  
In dewy mist must take a bath.

Birds unto their nests will fly,  
Crickets to their hearthplace creep;  
Worldly cares are laid aside,  
Man too takes a bath in sleep.

Whatever's bent in the glowing sun,  
When Nature bathes, it will arise;  
Withered corn blades will unroll,  
All things new will greet our eyes.

THE EVENING.

---

The sun is sinking o'er the hills,  
Casting its gold on earth ;  
Young children in the harvest fields  
Hail it with joy and mirth.

For often through the glowing day,  
They gazed up with a frown ;  
And wondered in their little hearts,  
Why it would not hasten down.

The Master seeing the fiery ball  
Hiding its rays of light,  
He gives His signal as to say :  
“Cease laboring for the night.”

Children under a master's rod  
Who are toiling all the day,  
Hear the sound of the evening bell  
And skip homeward on their way.

AFRICA'S CRY.

---

From the land of Africa  
Comes a faint cry,  
"Send us the gospel,  
In ignorance we die."

Dying unconscious  
Of a heavenly home,  
We know not the Saviour  
What will be our doom?

Send us a teacher,  
Who will show us the way.  
We know not the law,  
How can we obey?

Come to us quickly,  
We have thrown wide the gate;  
Millions of us  
Do anxiously wait.



THE STARS.

---

Tell me, oh Star, art thou a jewel,  
Shining in the sky so bright;  
Or art thou a little lantern,  
Hung from Heaven to give us light.

Often when I am alone  
And think no one is nigh,  
I glance into the heavens,  
And catch your little eye.

I do not know your mission,  
That none doth understand;  
But I know if thou could'st do so,  
Thou would'st tell me tales of man.

Some men are so foolish,  
There's no eye but their own,  
And steal out in the darkness  
Where their deeds of vice are sown.

Oh Star, I wish thou had'st a voice,  
To reach to the uttermost dell;  
Where men would commit their evils,  
Would whisper, and say "I'll tell."

Oh, if thou could only talk,  
Many wonders thou would'st tell ;  
Thou that saw within the walk,  
The trap in which the purest fell.  
All mankind feel quite free,  
When they think no one can see ;  
And cease to care how slack they walk,  
Oh, if thou could only talk !  
If thou that shed the faintest beam,  
Could only tell what thou hast seen  
    It would be enough.

NOTHING TO DO.  

---

The fields are white,  
The laborers are few ;  
Yet say the idle,  
There's nothing to do.

Jails are crowded,  
In Sunday Schools few ;  
We still complain  
There's nothing to do.

Drunkards are dying,  
Your sons, it is true ;  
Mothers' arms folded,  
With nothing to do.

Heathen are dying,  
Their blood falls on you ;  
How can you people  
Find nothing to do ?

SATAN.

---

Satan's a robber,  
    He works day and night;  
Go where you may,  
    He's always in sight.

Go to your closet,  
    And kneel down in prayer;  
You need not be frightened,  
    For Satan's not there.

He lurks around poverty,  
    He lurks around gold;  
He's always on duty,  
    Seeking a soul.

LIFE'S ROAD.

---

With joy I plod life's weary road,  
Sometimes free, then with a load ;  
The cares I gather through the day  
At night my banjo will drive away.

If life comes sweet, I'll only smile  
Because it will please me well.  
If life comes bitter, I'll only frown  
And you can never tell.

I never grieve o'er past mistakes  
Made through the previous day ;  
I will from them a lesson take  
And go plodding on life's way.

Sometimes you see me plodding  
And judge I'm doing well ;  
But the care that's moving in my heart  
No tongue can ever tell.

THE SIGNS OF DEATH.

---

When yer hear at night de ole milch cow a lowin'  
An' der houn dogs howling out der mornful sound,  
I tell yer now yer better giter ready,  
Dey's guinter plant some boudy in de ground.

You neanter believe in sines unless yer wantir,  
But some des morns you'll wake up in suprise  
An' if dey come a howling when I'm sleeping;  
I'll tell yer now dis darkey am gointer rize.

An' if der's any doubt of being ready,  
On my knees I'm gointer make it strate;  
You may laf an' say dat darkey's scary,  
I am like er rabbit, I can not trust mistake.

It may not be for me de dogs er howling,  
But when dey howl, my path I'm gointer sweep;  
I am not agoin to bed no moer dat eavning,  
Death shant come and find dis darkey sleep.

Ders lot ov learned people talking bully,  
An' saying der's nothing in de sign,  
But if they come around me with their culture,  
I am just er goin' ter tell dem da'er lyin'.

I don't care to listen to their lectures,  
Cos dey's just tryin' to show off smart;  
There aint noboudy, no matter how he's cultured,  
Dats got de signs er' wiped clear from his hart.

Cultur' don't take from man his habits,  
It only smears them over with a stain;  
Caus' he's cultured, he's not an angel,  
Dem same old traits is learking still widin.

CLASSES.

---

The world is divided in many classes,  
All deny being of the masses;  
Life is complex, whom may I believe?  
All the world seeks to deceive.

Society is artificial, I find  
When I see what draws the line,  
Men with honor and much estate  
Compose the class we all call great.

One class is made by color line,  
One by those who dress fine,  
Some are made by the family tree,  
All painting and striving to seem to be.



FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

---

Daily the wheel of Fortune is turned,  
Daily they award the prize ;  
But somehow they never call my name,  
I've labored many years,  
And the thing that causes me tears,  
Always I've returned just as I came.

Often it seems too hard,  
I decide no more to try ;  
It seems as though there is no prize for me.  
Then a spark of hope will blaze,  
And new courage it will raise,  
And again among the throng I'll be.

Always it won't be this way,  
Very soon will come my day,  
When the fortune wheel will be justly turned,  
Just as it makes its round,  
Yes, my name will then be found,  
And I'll get the prize for which I yearned.

SHOW YOUR LOVE.

---

If you love me show it now,  
Wait not till I've passed away,  
And lying cold in yonder grave,  
I can not hear then what you say.

If a wreath await my death,  
One green leaf now give to me;  
All thy sweet sayings say them now,  
Pray let me hear them while I live.

If the half had been made known,  
That was said on burial day,  
Many that fainted would have risen,  
And bounded on the upward way.

In th' book that tells of the warrior's glory,  
For the private soldier pray write a line;  
Ah, if he had been a coward  
How could the captain have been sublime?

True the Commander should be honored,  
Without him there's nothing done;  
But where the soldiers were not willing,  
I have never seen a victory won.

Ye men of wealth and highest honor,  
All who sit in a honored sphere;  
Gaze not on your brawny arm,  
Think of th' weak who put you there.

MEMORY OF THE OLD TIMES.

---

When the bygone days come rushing to my memory,

Ah, those good old days I spent while but a boy !  
Many a picture it brings that causes a tinge of sadness,

Yet somehow my heart is filled with magic joy ;  
I can view myself going strolling through the corn field,

Gazing on the corn silks and the tassels gray ;  
Through the woodland 'till at last I reached the brooklet.

There for minnows I would fish 'till close of day.

But those good old days have gone and years of sadness

Have wrapped themselves around that happy lad ;  
And no more at day to wander through the woodland,

And no more at night around my dear old dad.

I remember well how in the early springtime,

When the meadow and the orchard were in bloom ;  
How John and I'd go bounding o'er the hillside,  
Close of eve when time to bring the cattle home ;

I speak of John, but he too has left me ;  
And his body lying mould'ring in the clay,  
And I gaze around to see my boyhood comrades,  
But they like my youth from me have passed away.

My dear old friends have gone, and years of sadness  
Have wrapped themselves around that happy lad ;  
And no more at day to wander with my comrades,  
No more at night around my dear old dad.

## DON'T LAUGH, BOYS!

---

A colored, gray-haired, feeble man  
Came tottering down the street;  
Was tackled by some happy youths  
That he by chance did meet.

His hands were trembling on his cane,  
He raised his hoary head;  
With them he was not angry,  
As with a trembling voice he said:

“Don’t laugh, boys, at this old form,  
I think I am doing well;  
What I went through in slavery  
No tongue can ever tell.

“I had no chance when I was young,  
I was working for master then;  
But now my boys you’re free,  
Make out of yourselves men.

“And when you meet an old gray-haired man  
Struggling along as I;  
Don’t trouble him, for he loves you,  
Politely pass him by.”

ABOUT DE PUTY GALS.

---

When I was a little feloah,  
A sprying around de gals;  
De yaloah gals wus all a guying din ;  
Goodness dey was triffin,  
But uv course they didn't care,  
Dey were serten dey cud get de best uv men.

True dey were a rarity  
And we darkies didn't know,  
We thot it bes just'r take her in ;  
She knew dat we'ers beholding  
And treated us as dey pleased ;  
We poor fools wud sit en fold our arms en grin.

An' dat same old adage,  
Sum are clingin to it yet,  
An trien ter reason in de same old way,  
Because dey's kinder puty  
Dey can do just as dey pleased,  
Den wid de biggest darkies hold er sway.

I'll tell yer now, you're foolish,  
Dem kinder days has passed ;  
Features wid us now don' cut no shine,

You've got to be a lady  
In de fullest uv de word—  
You have got to be de pure and genuine.

I'll tell yer puty darkeys  
Who's reasoning in dat way,  
I have a word wid you I'd like to give,  
You had better git sum knoledge  
In dat cocoanut uv yourn ;  
Don't, by yoursef furever yur haf tir live.

Cos, honn'y, you need not prize your face,  
You ain't no rarity in de race ;  
Der uster be a time  
When de yallar gal helt the line,  
But now, dere's plenty in de race.



MY SONG.  

---

Why was I born if this ends all,  
All that I will ever be ;  
To feel a spirit that seems divine  
And no chance to let it free ?

Poor, unfortunate seems my part,  
Drifting on poverty's sea ;  
The chains of need have bound me fast,  
Oh would that I were free !

Daily I'm struggling for the shore,  
But the sea is vast and wide ;  
And when I stop to sing my lays,  
I'm threatened by the tide.

But if these rugged lays I've sung,  
Should cause some heart to move ;  
And should bring to me sweet freedom,  
How could I them but love.

Accept these lays to you I've given  
As a token of my art ;  
Jingling though they may seem to be,  
Remember 'tis but a start.

OUR PICNIC.

---

In fullest joy and richest pleasure,  
Under the shade, lying on the grass;  
Picnic tables on the ground before us,  
Our day with Pean did swiftly pass.

We found a spring by a rippling stream,  
Gushing water fresh and cool;  
We must have found what De Leon sought,  
A balm for old age within a pool.

Children like lambs ran over the woodland,  
Worldly cares were chased away;  
Their voices like wild nymphs ringing,  
Old age felt quite young to day.

Reaching the arbor dark with shade,  
Joy threw aside her rustic door;  
We entered in with hail of song,  
All forgot that we were poor.

We turned around, lingering looked,  
Going home at the close of day;  
Pean stood weeping in the door,  
Crying and beckoning for us to stay.

EDITH.

---

In the park under a mossy tree,  
Upon a rustic seat,  
In the evening when the sun was low,  
Edith and I would meet.

It was on this seat three years ago  
I gently took her hand ;  
And gazed into her smiling face,  
No sweeter in the land.

But now she is dead and passed away,  
I from my labor stroll ;  
I have no one to meet me there,  
I have no hand to hold.

But some sweet day, when my work is done,  
I'll stroll to another place,  
Where I will again take Edith's hand,  
And gaze in her smiling face.

Roll round, sweet day, and bear me up  
To the heaven above,  
Where I will again see Edith's face,  
And rest with her, my love.

ODE TO LOVE.

---

Love! O passion! O woman!  
Return what thou hast stole:—  
Ambition, heart, and treasure,  
O free the weary soul.  
Loose thy suffering victim,  
Unbar the prison door;  
Call them back that weary,  
Let them live once more.  
Why mock your helpless victim?  
Loose your galling chain;  
To many thou givest pleasure,  
To others thou givest pain.  
Thy hypnotizing power,  
Over many holds a sway;  
To him it seems a magnet,  
It draws his soul away.  
Many thou found were happy,  
In society held a place;  
Thou hypnotized and led them  
To shame and sad disgrace.

HEROD'S SLAUGHTER OF THE BABES.

---

It was a decree of Herod,  
Caused mothers to run wild ;  
He sent soldiers from his palace,  
To kill each young male child.

To kill the babe, the mother's hope :  
To mothers it didn't seem right ;  
The mothers with their babies,  
For refuge took their flight.

One mother fled for refuge  
To a cave within the ground ;  
To all it was suspicious ;  
By a soldier it was found.

Looking in at the open door,  
As a bird upon its nest,  
He saw a frightened mother,  
With a babe pressed to her breast.

"What seek ye?" cried the mother,  
With a voice both faint and wild ;  
"I am on a duty from Herod,  
To kill each young male child !"

“Oh! spare my child!” cried the mother;  
“I pray thee let it live;  
If life’s what thou seek’st,  
Take mine, I’ll freely give!”

“It’s not your’s, it’s the babe’s,  
My duty I must perform.”  
He reaches his hand towards her,  
To take the babe from her arm.

Back to the corner she fled,  
He rushed like a wild bear;  
As a wolf on a lamb, he seized  
And from her bosom tore.

The mother to save her babe  
Bounds like a flying dart.  
Too late! he unsheathed his blade  
And pierced it through its heart.

The mother viewing the horrible scene,  
Sinks breathless upon the floor;  
He throws the babe by her side,  
And steps from the earthen door.

The mother dying upon the ground,  
Once from death did awake;  
Saw her struggling baby lying  
With its arms outstretched to take.

Quick as lightning her babe she grasped,  
Her lips pressed to its wound ;  
They both gave up life's precious breath,  
Sinking dead upon the ground.

A spirit went wafting through the sky  
With a babe upon its breast ;  
In the cave their corpses are seen  
But their souls are in heaven at rest.

AMBITION.

---

The world is a race course ;  
Man is a charioteer ;  
In him there is a soul ;  
Ambition is the steed  
By which he is drawn,  
Over which he seems to have  
No control.

Each day we speed on the race,  
Ambition still our steed,  
Regardless of the soul  
And heaven the goal ;  
Toward riches and honor  
We speed.

Ambition, thou most fiery steed,  
Remember thou drawest a soul ;  
For riches and honor there is no prize ;  
Heaven is the only goal.

Be mindful thou, O charioteer !  
Ride careful, keep your place,  
Let riches nor honor tempt thee  
And you will gain the race.



A VIEW OF CHILDHOOD.

---

I love to think what joy I've had,  
When I was a boy, a playful lad ;  
I couldn't appreciate it then,  
I had not felt this world of sin.

No cares were then upon my mind,  
Happy and playful all the time ;  
Just think of the many happy hours,  
That I roved through woods and flowers.

How I'd bound around at night,  
Catching the bug that flashed a light ;  
Next morning when the sun would rise,  
I'd begin to chase the butterflies.

I can see myself creeping to a flower,  
Where a butterfly has lit to sip ;  
Now it seems I almost have him,  
But from my fingers he doth slip.

He fleeing away to another flower,  
I stand and gaze to see him light ;  
Now again I creep to catch him,  
But he sees me and takes a flight.

As I chase him from flower to flower,  
Many others meet my eye;  
Some that do not seem so scary,  
To catch the others I will try.

There, I see one on that flower,  
His head deep in the blossom fold;  
Now it seems as tho' I have him,  
And by his silky wings I hold.

## REASON, SAD WORLD.

—

Ye proud and merry world,  
Reason with me I pray ;  
Why weary for the things  
That soon shall pass away ?  
Knowing that soon thou'll die,  
And on earth shall be no more,  
Then what value will be to you,  
The wealth you have in store ?  
Dost thou believe in God,  
Of whom so much thou hast heard ?  
If so, why dost thou weary,  
Why not trust then to His word ?  
Knowest thou that life and honor  
And the wealth of sea and land,  
And all for which thou longest,  
He holdeth in His hand ?  
Then why not for true life  
And all that thou dost need,  
Beseech it from our God,  
Cease to man to plead ?  
All His promises are true,  
Yea, more than we have heard ;  
And this thou too would'st see,

Should you swing out on His word.  
Let us first Heaven seek ;  
Of all, sweet Heaven is best,  
And God has in His word  
Promised to give the rest.  
Sad world, now cease your pining,  
Warriors, cease your strife ;  
Strive not for honor nor wealth,  
But seek eternal life.

## THE WEALTHY NIGGER.

---

One day along de road I's strolling,  
 Over my circumstances scoling;  
 I saw a roll of money in de san,  
 At first de money blinded me,  
 Till I heard a voice behind me,  
 Den wid de money to my home I ran.

Dis black nigger am welthy, boys, at last;  
 You ought to see de raising uv the hat when I pass;  
 Dis black nigger don't seem so funny  
 Since dey's found he's got de money,  
 And dem same old niggers am glad now to call me  
 boss.

Der were some yaller darkies in de place where I's  
 born,  
 Dey uster say I's smutty. Oh how dey uster scorn!  
 They uster have dey socials, dey uster have der teays,  
 Dey uster have der walking for der cake;  
 But dis nigger dey always slighted  
 And to none I was invited,  
 Dey treated me as do I was a snake.

Dis black nigger am welthy, boys, at last ;  
 You ought to see dem yaller niggers bowin' when I  
     pass ;  
 Dis black nigger don't seem so funny  
 Since dey's found I's got de money,  
 And dem same old niggers am glad now to call me  
     boss.

I had a half brother and sister in de place where I's  
     born,  
 Both of dem was yaller, dis black'un dey uster scorn ;  
 But when dey heard I had returned  
 Wid de money for to burn,  
 Dey both on me did cast a wishful eye.  
 Uv course dey uster scorn me,  
 But now dey love to own me,  
 Dey cry, " Dar go my brudder," when I pass.

Dis black nigger am welthy, boys, at last ;  
 You outer see my brudder an sister grinnin when I  
     pass ;  
 Der black brudder don't seem so funny  
 Since dey's found he's got de money,  
 And dem same old niggers am glad now to call me  
     boss.

Der were some Irish merchants in de place where  
     I's born,  
 An when I'd pass der building, how dem clerks ud  
     scorn;  
 But when dey found I'd returned  
 Wid de money for to burn,  
 Dey'd ask me in so nicely whin I'd pass,  
 Do I had not changed my colour;  
 But dey found I had de dollar,  
 And de dollar toes de line to any class.

Dis black nigger am welthy, boys, at last;  
 Oh how dem merchants call me when I pass.  
 Dis black nigger don't seem so funny  
 Since dey's found I's got de money,  
 And dem same old niggers am-glad now to call me  
     boss.

## THE BOY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Hail, happy youth, in your prime,  
Be up and doing, waste not your time;  
Fast is coming on the day,  
You'll wish the time you waste away.

True, I know you are a boy,  
I do not care to stop your joy,  
But very soon you'll be a man  
And for yourself you'll have to plan.

These wasted days and foolish cares  
You'll think of them again in tears;  
When misfortune drives you mad  
You'll wish the time you once have had.

But no matter how you may yearn,  
Time once spent will not return;  
Now, my boys, your minds are free  
Think of the man you hope to be.

Study hard, your pennies save,  
Always truthful, ever brave;  
And when a man you come to be,  
You'll think of what was said by me.



## “NO USE IN SIGNS.”

---

Tain't no usen being skar'd of congurs,  
 E'n lettin black cats turn ur back;  
 Jest go'n er bout yuh bisnes,  
 An let the congers hav yer track.

Frida' aint no wus dan Monday,  
 Ez fur ez luck is consern;  
 Ef yuh han ich, don't spit in it:  
 Wont git nusin but what's u'rn.

Ef yuh nose ich, no 'un comin,  
 Ef yuh foot ich, yer goin no wher;  
 U'can let wurms crall al'over you  
 Den you 'll get nuthin new to ware.

Cos yo hav a little lernin  
 Don't sit in try ter figer rich;  
 Jes git yer spade an shuvel  
 An go trotin' long toder ditch.

Win yer feel a little happy,  
 Don't think of al de sorros yer had;  
 Cos yer eye is trembling a little,  
 Dats no sine yer goin ter get mad.

Cos de middle toe iz longer den de big on,  
Don't yer think gwine ter rule;  
Kase my hair gro' on my forehead,  
Yer neanter take me fur a fool.

I am gointer sing sum in der monin,  
See if de haks catch me before night;  
Ef da do don't yer wury,  
Jest say, "I bet day had ter fite."

## THE MEMORY OF FRANCES WILLARD.

---

Around the glowing fireside of the nation,  
 There's a vacant chair no one can ever fill ;  
 Death came and stole from it a Temperance mother,  
 Yet in Heaven she lives an angel still.  
 To all she seemed a pure unfolding lily,  
 On which no eye had ever found a stain ;  
 She stood till death, the surest reaper,  
 Came to gather in his choicest grain.

### CHORUS.

Dearest mother, gone thou art,  
 Left us with a breaking heart.  
 To sweet Heaven thou art conveyed,  
 Show us the star that thou hast made,  
 That thy dear friends at night may see  
 The silver rays that gleam from thee.

Upon the parlor wall of our nation,  
 Hangs a picture in a sacred place ;  
 She was a tender friend to the drunkard,  
 All admire the beauty of her face.  
 'Tis a picture of dear old Mother Willard,  
 A mother to the drunkard and to all ;  
 She was tenderly watching over the fallen  
 When she heard the loving Savior call.

## CHORUS.

In the tender heart of all the nation  
There's a place no one can ever fill;  
A place for one who's living now in Heaven,  
For her the lamp of love is burning still.  
From the Union there's gone a loving mother,  
For her our hearts in sorrow will ever pine;  
May peace be unto her dear old comrades,  
May joy pour out to them the richest wine.

## CHORUS.

## I'LL ENTER THE SALOON NO MORE.

---

Daily we drop in the treasure,  
But it never reaches its height;  
And when we search for the reason,  
We find it Saturday night.

Then we find them there in multitudes,  
Spending in various ways;  
I'll invite you to the bar-room  
That you in the window may gaze.

There you'll see Samuel Brown,  
Who earns a dollar per day;  
And for the cursed rum cup,  
He is giving it all away.

At home his wife and children  
Have earned whatever they could,  
And are waiting by the fire  
To receive their Sunday's food.

His wife is somewhat frightened,  
The clock has long struck ten;  
She lays aside her baby  
To bring her Samuel in.

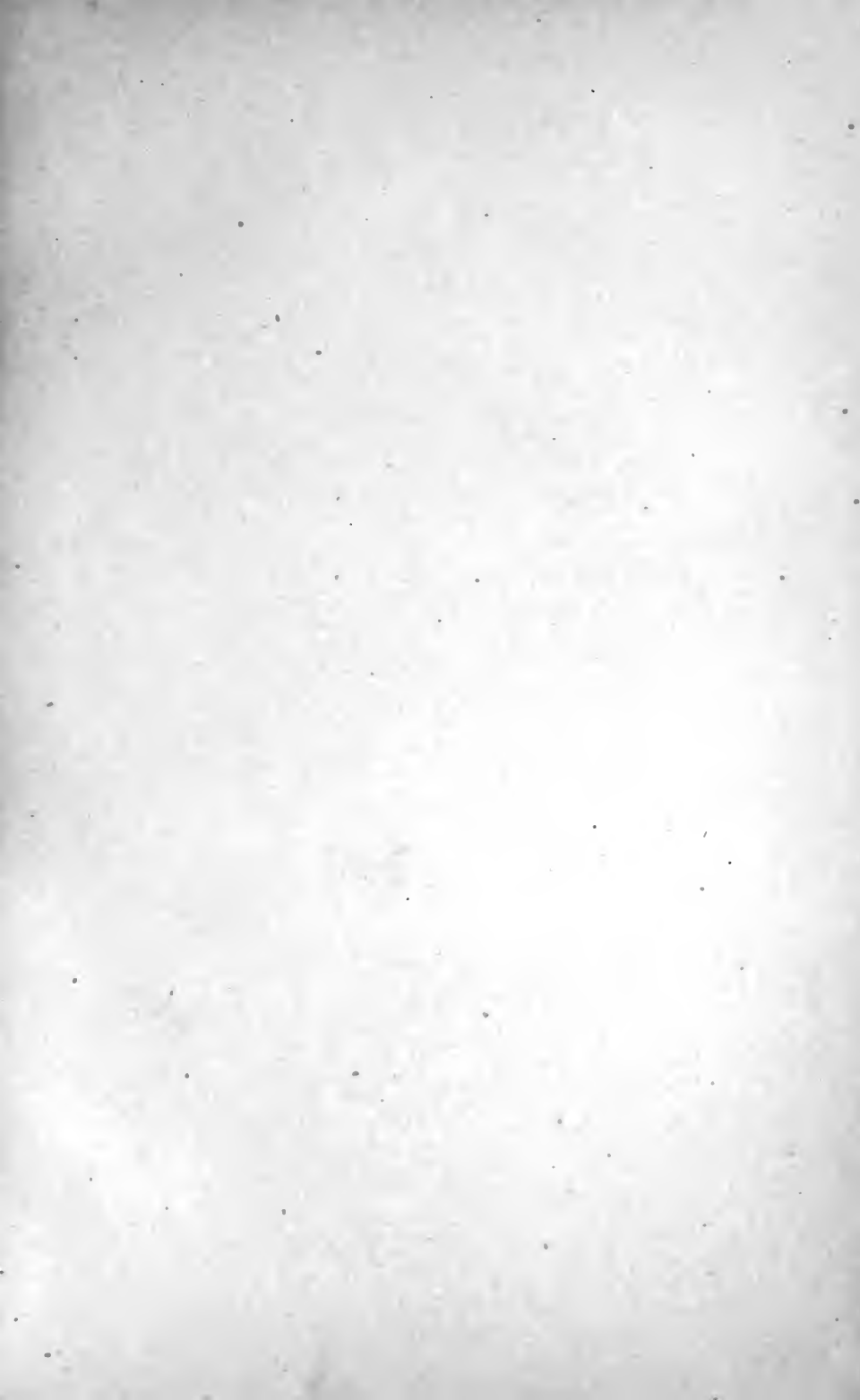
She laid aside her baby  
And pursued the journey once more,  
She didn't make any inquiries  
Till she reached the grocery store.

Then she asked the merchant  
If he had seen her Sam.  
He said, "He's gone to the bar-room  
To get his Sunday's dram."

Then to the saloon she hastened,  
Entered in at the open door;  
There she saw her husband  
Lying drunk upon the floor.

By his side she sat and wept,  
When he from sleep did wake,  
And heard his baby crying  
As tho' its heart would break.

When he saw them weeping,  
He rose to his feet and swore,  
For the sake of wife and baby  
He would enter the saloon no more.



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